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Biographic Notes.

THE late George Kee, Esq., was one of the early settlers of our county, and deserves a place in the history of the Pocahontas people. He was a native of Tyrone, Ireland. He and his brother William left Ireland when he was under age, and owing to the shipping regulations was not allowed to embark as a regular passenger. Young Kee went aboard to see his brother off, and concealed himself until too far away at sea to be put off the vessel. The intention was to take him back, but upon landing at Philadelphia he eluded the parties in search of him and escaped to the country. He came to America in 1780, landing at Philadelphia after a voyage of thirteen weeks. At Lancaster City the brothers spent some time, and separated at that place and never met again, and Mr Kee never heard any thing more of him. From Lancaster Mr Kee went to Lakeville, near the Susquehanna River, where he staid for some time. From Lakeville he came to Pendleton County, West Virginia, where he met a relative, Aaron Kee. This relative was a merchant and furnished George Kee some goods and sent him to dispose of them. He became acquainted with John Jordan, who had been in that business before him, and Mr Jordan had him to make his home with him; and for six or seven years he spent the most of his time in The Levels at John Jordan's.

It seems, too, that the young Irish merchant was fond of making trips to Joshua Buckley's on the east bank of the Greenbrier opposite the mouth of Swago Creek. Hetty Buckley, with her smart and tidy ways, took his fancy, and they were married in 1800 and opened up their home at the place now occupied by Aaron Kee, a grandson, two miles below Marlinton. Mrs Hetty Kee when a little girl had frequently heard the Indians in the woods on the overlooking hills, blowing on their powder-charges and making strange noises in the way of signals. She was devoted to her nice cows and cared for them as kindly in winter as if they were human beings, preparing warm feed. She would have one or two acres cleared and fenced and have it for a cow-pen for two or three years. Then another pen and in that way in the course of years there were rich, productive fields opened up, in addition to what was cleared by her husband and sons on other parts of the farm. There were six sons and one daughter. Two of the sons died in childhood. The four sons that lived to be grown were Joshua Buckley, Andrew, John, and William. The daughter's name was Hannah.

Hannah became Mrs Timothy Clunen, a native of Ireland, and lived on the Joseph Buckley place on Buck's Run. Her children were Hetty, who became Mrs Sterling Campbell, and lives head of Swago; Margaret, now Mrs Luther Kellis, son, on the Greenbrier near the mouth of Beaver Creek; Nancy is Mrs Daniel McNeill, at Buckeye. George Clunen and Buchanan Clunen live in Missouri. Allie Clunen lives in Indiana, in the vicinity where Jacob McLaughlin and other Pocahontas persons reside. Elizabeth Clunen lives at the old home on Swago.

Joshua B. Kee, the eldest son of the Kee family, married Rebecca Stevenson, of Bath County, and settled on the Greenbrier a mile below Marlinton. Esther and Rachel were the names of his daughters, and they both died when about grown. Joshua Kee was a person of remarkable mechanical skill. He could work in stone, iron, and wood, as well as farm, his specialty was gunsmithing, in which he excelled. And in his

time when so much hunting was done this was of great service to the people.

Andrew Kee married Mary Duncan, on Stony Creek, a sister of the late Henry Duncan. Her family came from near Colliertown, a few miles from Lexington, Rockbridge, Virginia. His children were Hannah Jane, Nancy, and Esther. The two latter died during the war, and had grown to womanhood. It was about this time that camp fever and diphtheria ravaged this whole region, and swept away in some instances all but one or two of entire families, and Andrew Kee's was one such. Mrs Kee was the only survivor and lived a widow more than 80 years.

Andrew Kee lived on the Greenbrier near Buckeye, on the place now held by William A. Duncan. He was a very expert marksman and successful hunter. It was no uncommon thing for him to shoot squirrels across the Greenbrier with his mountain rifle, over one hundred yards. Many would think it good shooting to hit a deer that distance with such a weapon.

John Kee married Hester Gwin, of Highland County, Virginia, a daughter of James Gwin, senior, near Gall Town, and a niece of Mrs Rebecca Kee, mentioned elsewhere. John Kee lived at the old homestead, and the names of his children were James, Alcinda, Dallas, Aaron, Samuel, Susan, Henrietta, and Hester.

James Kee was a Union soldier in the regular service, and died in the war at Winchester, Virginia.

Alcinda became Mrs George McKeever, and lives on Swago.

Aaron Kee married Milly McNeill, and settled on the Kee homestead. Samuel Kee lives with his brother Aaron.

Hester Kee first married William Poage and lived near Edray. Her second marriage was with Henry Poage.

Like his brothers, John Kee was an expert worker in different callings. His specialty was wagon-making, along with farming.

William Kee, son of George Kee Esq., married Ruth McCollam and settled on a part of the homestead lately occupied by Captain J. R. Apperson. Their children were Eliza, George, Matilda, William.

Eliza was a young person of much promise, and a highly esteemed and successful teacher. She died December 19, 1861, aged 22 years, and in a week before her father's lamented death. George M. Kee first married Mary J. Falser, and settled on a section of his father's homestead. The second marriage was with Rachel Moore, daughter of the late James Moore, near Marlinton. George M. Kee was a Confederate soldier. He has filled several positions in county affairs as magistrate, commissioner of the court, etc.

Matilda Kee was married to Captain J. R. Apperson, and lived on the homestead.

Hon William L. Kee, who lives near Washington City and holds a position in the Land Office at Washington, is the youngest of William Kee's family. His wife was Katie M. Phares, daughter of William Phares, near Elkins.

William Kee, the youngest son of George Kee the ancestor, was a very estimable person, being an honest, industrious citizen he was of great service to the community in which he lived. He was one of the most public-spirited persons of his time. He and his brothers Joshua, Andrew, and John built with their own hands and at their own expense one of the most comfortable school-houses any where in their section of the county, in order to have their children educated. It was near the stone quarry. Mr Kee's wife was Miss Ruth McCollam, daughter of William McCollam and Sally Drennan his wife. She and Mr Kee were married in 1837. He died December 25, 1862. She died February 5,

1897, aged 79 years, 9 months, and 14 days, having lived a widow about 36 years.

Mrs Kee had noble aspirations, and earnestly desired that her family might be intelligent, industrious, and pious, and made every effort to inspire her children with like sentiments. It was believed that her anxiety for the mental improvement of her children had a great deal to do with the school-house enterprise just spoken of, that was so great a credit to the Kee neighborhood and of so much use to their families.

George Kee, the progenitor of the Kee relationship, was in many respects a very remarkable person. He read a great deal, and reflected on what he did read, and could converse fluently and intelligently on whatever subject that was discussed in books or the public journals. He was the first person I had ever heard say anything about John Locke, the eminent mental philosopher, and one of the foremost metaphysicians of his day. Mr Kee was anxious for me to read the book and insist on me to do so whenever I was able to lay my hands on it. His copy was worn out and he had not been able to get another, as he had frequently tried. So it turned out that one of the first books I looked for in the college library was Locke on the Human Understanding, an old book and out of print. In subsequent years when attending lectures I found that one of the ablest lecturers did not seem as familiar with Locke as my old friend in his mountain home. Locke had become somewhat of a back number with his innate ideas, and a different theory was coming into vogue. The new theory was to cram the mind and the more it should be crammed the more the education imparted. Now the tendency is beginning to show itself to work from within, and develop the mental faculties so that the mind is prepared to receive and make use of whatever it finds without that would be useful. With some qualifying conditions, Locke's theory is coming into use, and it may be thinkers will reach the position occupied by our old friend 60 years ago, and claim honor and recognition for original research in educational affairs.

He had a passionate love for trees. He looked upon a tree as something of more real worth and use than gold or silver. If the forests were to be destroyed his notion was that people would become like the traveller suffering from hunger and thirst on the desert who noticed a well-filled pouch not far ahead of him. Uttering a joyful exclamation, he hastened to pick it up. Upon opening it he found it filled with pearls of the most precious and valuable quality such as queens only could afford to have. The traveller threw it down and exclaimed: "Alas, I thought I was finding dates to quench my thirst and relieve my hunger!"

He was a Jacksonian Democrat, first, last, and all the time. Were he alive now with unchanged sentiments, Henry George would have had one friend in Pocahontas that he could have relied on through evil as well as good report.

Mr Kee claimed to be an Associate Reformed Presbyterian, commonly known as the "Seceders" or Covenanters. It was a blessing to our county to have such a person as Mr Kee identified with its history. I think this is a sentiment with which all will agree who remember something of his sterling character.

At one time it seemed as if the annexation of Hawaii would be prevented as it had become so largely a question of party politics. The exciting movements now going on in reference to Chinese affairs have evidently weakened the opposition to annexation, and our readers need not be surprised to hear in a few weeks that the Stars and Stripes will be unfurled over those Pacific Islands, which we have heard so much about. No more pent up utica then, the whole continent and something besides must be ours.

IN THREE PARTS: PART I.

A Cat o' One Tail.

By S. A. P.

WHEN my friend Maude Burton (she always spells Maude with an e—and I don't blame her) wrote to tell me of her intended marriage to Mr Judson Staggs, I received the intelligence of her "indefinable happiness,"—so she termed it,—with unobtrusive, but none the less sincere pleasure. At the same time I was considerably surprised at the news, and had to restrain myself from a powerful impulse to say something so disagreeable as that "I feared all marriages were not happy ones," thereby exposing my mind to the derision of the whole married world. I am glad that I did not make such a remark, startlingly original as it would have been, for coming just then it might have been regarded in the light of a prediction, and I have no wish to join that melancholy procession in which prophets, goats, and poets have such a prominent place.

What surprised me was that such a charming, gentle, happy, little blonde like Maude, possessing the enviable faculty of always finding the bright side of things, could bestow, without apparent effort, her best affections on such a well-prosaic person as Judson Staggs. To my mind he was only a miscellaneous and unattached youth, pretending to work seriously at his chosen profession the law. His soul seemed to be wrapped up in deeds, bonds, and other mysterious papers.

I remember Maude describing to me a heart-breaking scene between a girl friend, who had deserted our ranks to marry a lawyer, and her husband. One evening she asked him to listen to her singing. He excused himself making her believe that the destiny of the world was hanging in the balance while he composed a speech to be delivered to a jury who had to decide between a quarrelsome blacksmith and an enraged umbrella mender.

Poor little Maude. What if the same destiny awaited her! I ventured to speak of the great disparity of tastes between Maude and her intended husband. Friends rebuked me. They said that those who knew him best knew of his true, warm heart, and that he was a man to be trusted without reserve. Maude evidently believed so. At the close of one of those spontaneous rhapsodies of engaged girls which leave the unengaged gentle reader weak and giddy, she wrote:

"And, O! S...! Juddy is so fond of cats; he thinks Adonis is perfectly splendid." Cats? Adonis! Ah there lay the mystery. I never saw a family so completely wrapped up in cats as the Burtons especially of one grey-green-eyed, preposterous beast named Adonis.

He was the centre of the domestic solar system, around which the family circle revolved as the lesser planets around the sun.

Maude adored him. No doubt, she invested an ordinary and depraved cat as ever was with the brightness and purity of her own innocent heart. Therefore you can get some idea of the grief into which the family was plunged when two weeks before Maude's marriage Adonis disappeared mysteriously and completely. Strange to say, it did not delay the marriage, only it was a more quiet affair than it would have been had Adonis been alive, for they mourned him as dead.

I had made a promise to Maude which could only be broken by means of suicide to visit them when they got to housekeeping. I did so. Never had I seen a happier couple. Maude was radiant, while her husband looked as if he had just gone through a Turkish bath. The heels of his shoes were blacked, his cravat had turned darker, even the shape of his head was entirely altered. Maude was desperately interested in every thing which concerned "Juddy's" business and interests, and of

A Cougher's Coffers. My daughter, seventeen years of age, was in very poor health by reason of weak lungs and a distressing cough. At last we gave her Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking three bottles, the cough was cured. She is now in excellent health, and rapidly recovering.

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course they were happy. Maude never told me her married life was a happy one, therefore I am certain such was the case. Judge of my astonishment, then, when at the end of 18 months it was announced with terrible clearness that left no room for doubt that Maude and her husband had separated, an uncompromising separation that must end in divorce. Horrid word. With bitter calmness I thought could those cynics and sages who have ridiculed marriage as a source of happiness in every age of the world have known of my friend's disastrous one they would have been raised fifty per cent in their own estimation. What could have happened? And with that question came the forcible conviction that the missing cat—the lost Adonis—had something or everything to do with the sad affair.

(To be continued.)

Notions.

IN his sermon last Sunday, Talmage asked which would his hearer rather hold in his hands when he came to die, a pack of cards or a bible? There is no doubt which we would choose, but we believe it matters what we hold in the hand at the last moment. The question will be how have we borne-ourselves in the burden and heat of the day. There is never a murderer goes to the gallows today but what he experiences all the phrases of a christian's death. Ministers can always be found to assure him that he can enter as a child of light. His victim may have been only thoughtless and wayward, but he was hurried off without a chance and he goes to the lowest depths; the murderer experiences religion and goes to rest in Abraham's bosom. This is as bad as the ancient teachings of the church of Rome. They believed that if a man died in a sinful act that he was damned, while if he had the benefits of a priest's presence and was duly shrived that he would be saved. We believe a life of service in doing the right is not too much to overcome the demon of self which would drag every man to destruction.

There was a case before the grand jury of this county a few years ago on this line. The charge was disturbing religious worship. The facts submitted to the grand jury were in substance as follows: A series of meetings were being held and the religious feeling was in the ascendant in the case of every one present. The rich man of the neighborhood arose to tell of his experience. He dwelt upon the assurance and hope he felt at that particular moment. He said, "I feel if I should die this moment I would go straight to Heaven." Suddenly a voice was heard from the back of the church: "Kill him! kill him!—kill him! Why don't somebody kill him?" This loud and boisterous language addressed to the proverbial rich man of the neighborhood put a stop to the services for that evening. When the next grand jury assembled the pastor of the church appeared with several of his hearers as witnesses and asked for an indictment.

After the jury had heard the evidence they called in the offender himself, and asked for his version of the affair. He explained that he

meant no irreverence, and that when he heard his friend express himself that way that his excitement got the better of him and he spoke before he thought. The grand jury accepted the explanation and no indictment was found.

We heard an anecdote of a member of the West Virginia legislature which casts some light on the reason the cast-iron leaders refused to have them in Charleston for an extra session, and for the purpose of clearing up the mystery we give it here. A newly elected senator was walking along the street with two of his friends, both of whom had been active supporters of him in the fight for nomination. One of them had made the seconding speech in the nominating convention, and had just arrived at the State capital to see his protege. The three continued socially together until they passed a saloon a few yards from the hotel at which they were stopping. The Senator said, "Well, I must get myself a drink," and disappeared in the depths of the saloon, leaving his companions speechless with astonishment. This paralysis of the faculties continued for a moment only, and then there ensued a discussion on the ethics of a social drinking that would have enlightened the member if he could have heard it. We cannot wonder that the leaders put their foot down on an extra session.

The crank seems to be present in force in the Virginia legislature this year. Delegate Owens has introduced a bill into the House "to facilitate the creation of Colonels." It provides that "any Virginia gentleman in good standing in his city or county may apply to a Justice of the Peace, and after taking the oath of office required by law, and particularly the anti-duelling oath, and upon the payment of the fee of \$1, such Justice shall issue a warrant creating such applicant a Colonel, with full rank for life." This is preposterous, colonels are born not made; as well require a Justice of the Peace to create poets. That don't suit Virginia, where

"The corn is full of kernels, And the Colonel's full of corn."

Colonel is not lightly bestowed by the people of the South. It is only after the individual has proved his real worth and showed that he had the boundless geniality of the Southerner that the sons of men rise up and call him Colonel. It is applied to a of Southern gentlemen that might make them proud. There is a destiny that makes them. The man pursues the even tenor of his way, a gentleman unafraid, until he has attained that mellowness necessary, and some one dubs him Colonel; others see that it is well bestowed and it sticks to him until the loss of so generous a man is mourned by his survivors.

EUROPE finds China a foeman worthy of her steal.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE situation in China seems to be one of Confucian worse confounded.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

CHAFF.—The story of the great ARMOUR Letter wheel deal will eventually be published in cereal form.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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